

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

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EDUCATION AND ITS PHASES.

To the practical and thinking mind, one that associates life with motion and sees that change makes change, there can be but one conclusion, i. e., *progress!* This is not assumption, but fact, and where we find exceptions, we look neither for practicality of character, nor much thought, since every fact that the world's motion has rolled into prominence, proves by its history, however many phases it may have, that its destiny is onward and downward.

Of the many subjects we might name to prove this assertion, we will select Education, and give some thoughts to its explanation.

Education is one of the first words we can now recall from among the few we were acquainted with in the days of juvenile simplicity, and though we have spent some time in attempting to comprehend its meaning and feel the measure of its power and dignity, still, whenever we see the word in print, we have an uneasy feeling, just the same as when we hear children use words to which they cannot in the nature of things attach a true significance. The reason is alike in both cases, for as Helvetius says—"There are many books, many schools, but few persons of understanding; there are many maxims, but they are seldom applied; 'now is old and yet a child.' Near a half a century has passed since Dr. Spurzheim quoted the above remark to show that 'mankind had progressed less than could be wished,' and that 'new elucidations of this subject (education) are still wanting.'"

Could there be any more striking reflection of Dugald Stewart's will suggest a different conclusion. He says, "There are few subjects more hackneyed than that of Education, and yet there is none upon which the opinions of the world are still more divided. Nor is this surprising, for most of those who have speculated concerning it, have confined their attention chiefly to incidental questions about the comparative advantage of public or private instruction, the utility of peculiar languages or sciences, without attempting a previous examination of those faculties and principles of the mind, which it is the great object of Education to improve." Education is still vague and indefinite as a constructive system, and must remain so, until there is some central fact, fundamental to the science of Anthropology, which will unite, harmonize every department of knowledge. "Education" is a historical word, as well as a *caecum* term in our age, and round it gathers the memories of some of the most gifted and noblest minds the world has yet seen. All have been its subjects in a passive sense; for every man, woman and child, got some kind of an "Education," though it be absorbed from the street—from public opinion—from some clique, party or association, but to those minds, on whom the light of classic Greece with its beauty and philosophy—Rome with its majesty and power, and Palestine with its religion and traditions had come, they are the active recipients of its bounty, and to them we must look for its true valuation.

The scholastic teachings of the middle Ages, is the culmination of such a system of Education as the past could give, and what that was, history has told. The genius of the Age of Queen Elizabeth, of Queen Anne, and Louis the XIV, is no more the fruitage of such a system of culture than the discovery of America is the result of the intellectual activity of the Age of Ferdinand and Isabella. The Providence and economies of God have, from the first, given to its age and the ages, minds of power, beauty and worth, who worked for a purpose larger, broader, and more universal than themselves—for the inspiration of genius, the industry of talent, and the patience of study, have all helped in the battle of life" to free man from ignorance and robe him in his right mind. These were and are the "powers ordained of God" to help man to that culture which makes him sovereign of himself and the general forces of Nature. And wonderful has been the result! So wonderful, indeed, that many now take hope for humanity and look round for the means of making that culture more general, because the expanded soul knows nothing but universality, and the brotherhood of humanity demand it. Religion, that at one time ignored the aid of material things, now talks of Education and culture, and thinks it possible for truth to be more powerful where culture has expanded the mind.

An aristocracy of power and cast, which of old had fashioned the destiny of man, by a policy as selfish as it was cold and cruel, has changed, and is the friend of Education, an education, however, that will flatter "rank" and bow to "blood," and honor the petty nothing of a formalistic and a Plurisocial Church.

Kings, queens and nobles, statesmen, philosophers, and all in authority, say *education!* but in what education is to consist, is still "the question." If, however, we have not all the good we wish, nor all the education the world needs, let us not be forgetful of the debt of gratitude we owe to the good and true of all time who have worked for and made us the heirs of their labor. Large and generous thanks to the great family of *genius*, who have worked for the far-off future, and blessed the family of man with the discovery of those

great principles which make the future so rich in promise for coming ages! While, however, the affections of a generous nature are moved to thankfulness for the riches of the past, the voice of the present need is no less imperative, and demands a practical and positive conception of the best means of using this material for a constructive education—one that will commence with being, and end only in the selfhood of a holy life—one that will enter into every department of consciousness, and by virtue of adaptation develop the native wealth of man's intellectual, moral, social and physical nature. We need not only the general detail of a hygiene philosophy, but the particulars of all *influence* that help to develop the several stages of life. We need to know just such agencies as are best calculated to help infancy, aid boyhood, develop manhood and expand the latter years of culture. We need to know the good and bad sides of all trades, occupations and professions, so that there may be a philosophy of labor, and a code of laws, by which the symmetry and beauty of the body, as well as the polish of the mind, can be obtained.

We need a practical education—one that can give to man and woman a "sound mind in a sound body"—with the largest possible individuality. Unborn generations, and the holy hopes of the future, demand for woman an education as liberal and general as her nature will admit of—since the sacredness of marriage and the purity of love rest alike on her culture and development.

Education in this sense, is not to be looked for at present, but we are happy in knowing that great changes have come to the controllers of many of our schools upon this subject. The press, and many of our pulpits, have something now to say upon this much needed reform, and give their aid, it may be conservative and general, but it has its influence for good with those whose Spirits are free to hear. Since the advent of the much loved and lamented Dr. Spurzheim, the system of popular Education has been expanding, and the abuses of Classic Education are subject to free discussion, even by those who know best how to raise them. Drawing extracts from article V of the 1850 number of the Westminster Review, will give a fair idea of Educational progress in Europe: "The swelling thought that is at last bursting into utterance, has been much quickened in its growth by the events of these three last years. Society has every where been convulsed; governments have been subverted; existing laws and usages—among others, those even of property and family, have been called in question; and a readiness to disregard them has been accompanied by a disposition to force others to do the same. Even in our own country, which has been comparatively undisturbed, we are compelled to admit, with mixed feelings of alarm and anguish, that everything around us is neither creditable nor safe. To sit quiet in the midst of so many evidences of suffering in the present, and of danger for the future, is impossible. The fear cannot be repressed that the wealthy, the intelligent, and the well-conducted, are not beyond the reach of moral contamination; although the desolute may submit to suffer with out resisting, and ignorance, vice and brutality, may seem to be circumscribed or kept out of sight.

"There is enough in all this to fix attention, and to arouse an anxious spirit of inquiry as to what can have brought about such a state of things. One of the most hopeful signs of our times is the increasing readiness to search for causes—for the causes of evils to be averted, of good to be secured. Moving in this direction, who can escape being forced upon the consideration of what education has done, is doing, and is likely to do? Truly, education cannot but be admitted to be one of the most active of causes operating either for good or for evil. Those who approve of education as it is, do so on account of the good which they suppose it competent to achieve, or of the evil which it is competent to prevent. Those who disapprove of education as it is, do so on account of the good which, in their estimation, it neglects to achieve, or of the evil which it fails to prevent.

"In the present day no one who, after he becomes his own master, acquires a taste for the pleasures of knowledge and of a cultivated mind, ever thinks of troubling himself about Latin and Greek. Every such person would have done so formerly, but no one does so now. Of the very great number of persons now alive, who, after they were grown up, began to take an interest in intellectual pursuits, the idea of acquiring a knowledge of the old learning did not so much as occur to them, perhaps, in an hundred. All turned, as a matter of course, to some department of natural science, or to the living languages and modern history. The number of fields into which natural sciences is divided is in some degree an indication of the number of laborers who are employed in them. There must be many in every man's circle of acquaintance who are at work in, or who, at least, take an interest in what is being done in some one or other of these fields. With the exception of the constantly diminishing number of those whose ideas became fixed during the last century, and of those who inherited their ideas, this is the case with almost everybody we meet. Who ever hears any one speaking upon subjects of classical interest?—while conversation upon history, and upon scientific subjects, is as frequent in society, as conversations of a political or religious turn. The fact is, that the progress of events, and the circumstances of the times, force these things upon the attention of even the most unconcerned: they belong to these times.

"At the time when there was nothing better than the classics, and when acquaintance with these was the only means of obtaining intellectual enjoyment, and of gaining strength and weapons for the struggles of the day, nothing could keep men back from them. All obstacles, such as want of books, want of teachers, and want of opportunities, went for nothing. Men would, somehow or other, teach themselves. Just the same fact is now observable with respect to the different branches of modern knowledge; though it is true

that the obstacles in the way of their acquisition are not nearly so great as was the case formerly with respect to the old learning. Without any provision being anywhere made for their encouragement, we everywhere see persons, tradesmen, even, and mechanics, devoting themselves to their study. Men will learn what they find both pleasure and profit in learning.

"It is hardly worth the trouble of showing that our English laborers and artisans understand better, and practice better, than even the best educated under the old civilization, the principles of justice, or what is due from one man to another, or how men ought to treat each other. *We are not this the case, both our religion, and our freedom, and our civilization, would have been thrown away upon us.* Or will any one deny that these same laborers and artisans do amongst themselves submit with more resolution, and with more cheerfulness, to hardships and self-denial, than any class among the ancients? The virtues of our own population are in this respect perfectly astonishing, and very much greater than the old claimants could have had any idea of. And have not our own countrymen, it may be said of our whole population, quite as much cool and unflinching and unpretending courage as the philosophy and soldiers of antiquity? This is not said from any wish to deprecate the ancients. No one is so foolish, or so ignorant, as to entertain any wish of the kind. They were very great people in their day; and we all admire what was great and good in them. Nor is this said from what would be an equally foolish wish, that is, a wish to elevate unfairly our own times. It is best that things should be seen as they are, and that they should not be looked at through a deceptive medium. We ought to know well what the ancients did and thought; but we have no further need of them as instructors, especially as our sole instructors."

England and Scotland are much indebted to the labors of Mr. George Combe, for this radical development of thought. He has been the active and persevering friend of mental progress, and mankind owe him much love for his philosophic and reformatory efforts. His influence is also well marked in America, for as a people, we are too practical to throw away good sense and wisdom, when we can get them so "cheap." It is no wild assertion to say that his "Constitution of Man" has done more for the harmonies and economies of the external world, by explaining its laws and phenomena, than all the sermonizing of the priesthoods and philosophies of the world.

"The law of our country decides that the most honorable professions shun, besides, that to be a Latin or a "Sicilian" at extent as to have room for nothing else. Now, what is the consequence, according to the admission of everybody? It is, that the young men have calculated to a nicey what it is necessary for them to learn in order to attain their degrees, and they confine themselves to that. You cry out, you groan. Eh! cannot you understand that it is a manifestation of the opinion of the public, who will not subject themselves to useless exertion?

"Is it natural, is it right, that we should be thus managing matters in the nineteenth century? Is Latin an instrument required for the acquisition of knowledge? Is it in the writings which the Rōmāns have left us that we can learn religion, physical science, chemistry, astronomy, physiology, history, jurisprudence, morality, industrial controversy, or social science?

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"To know a language, as to know how to read, is to possess an instrument. And is it not strange that we should pass all our youth in making our selves masters of an instrument which is no longer good for anything—or but for little; since as soon as we begin to know it, we hasten to forget it? Alas! why cannot we also forget as quickly the impressions which this baleful study has left upon us?"

"From examining what classical literature is, and what its consequence, is likely to be the effect of classical education, M. Bastiat proceeds to show, by ample citations from all the most celebrated French writers, how far they have been imbued with classical notions of the character already described. Among the authors whom he cites are Corneille, Fénelon, Rollin, Montesquieu, Rousseau, and Mably. For the quotations themselves, we must refer our readers to M. Bastiat's masterly performance.

"At the close of them, for the double purpose of guarding against misconstruction, and of enforcing what is true and useful, he remarks in the following beautiful strain:

"In citing the absurd and subversive doctrines of such men as Fénelon, Rollin, Montesquieu, and Rousseau, I am far from pretending that we do not owe to these great writers full of reason and morality. But what of false there is in their works comes from classical *conventionalism*, and what of I contend for—the exclusive teaching of Greek and Latin literature makes of all of us *living contradictions*. It drags us violently towards the past, of which it glorifies even the atrocities; whilst Christianity, the Spirit of the age, and that fund of good sense which never entirely abandons its hold upon us, points out excellence to us in the future."

"In judging the general scope and spirit of M. Bastiat's pleading, the English reader must bear in mind that great as may be the difficulties with which the education question is surrounded in France, those difficulties are not created by the predominance of polemical divines who can only agree together on one thing—to withhold their sanction from any plan for providing adequate secular instruction to all classes, unless it be accompanied by religious teaching, upon the character of which teaching they cannot agree. The world-wide difficulty is, that the *clergy* and the *secular* powers of France are at variance in their views of the best mode of education.

"At the time when there was nothing better than the classics, and when acquaintance with these was the only means of obtaining intellectual enjoyment, and of gaining strength and weapons for the struggles of the day, nothing could keep men back from them. All obstacles, such as want of books, want of teachers, and want of opportunities, went for nothing. Men would, somehow or other, teach themselves. Just the same fact is now observable with respect to the different branches of modern knowledge; though it is true

words full of meaning for education and mental liberty. We know of no country, however, (Ireland excepted,) of which the American people are more ignorant than they are of France. Associated with the French schools of philosophy are, in the minds of most persons, with the terms infidel, pantheist, and nothingarian, by virtue of much pulpit declamation, we fail to get the good of their intellectual culture with our educational influences.

France and Paris live in most minds, only as the hotbed of fashion, folly and crime; which mean in particular, "French taste," "revolutions," and "socialism." But with the thinking and reading public, all this is *caut* or ignorance, or both; and were this the place, it were not difficult to show that religion, science, philosophy, and education, have found in France their most polished, truthful, and reformatory representatives, whose works have done much to keep the thinking world in motion.

The following extracts of M. Bastiat, member of the Chamber of Representatives at Paris, which we find in the Westminster Review, before noticed, will give meaning to this assertion:

"M. Bastiat is a staunch advocate of freedom and education. Under this expression, he would not sanction a carelessness about, an indifference to, or a neglect of, the adequate intellectual teaching and moral training of the mass of the people; but he does not mean that, whatever the method of education resorted to by guardians and parents, no advantage ought to be inflicted by the State, upon those who have received their education under one system rather than another; unfitness for the work to be done, or the office to be filled, being the only disqualifications which, in his opinion, ought to be recognized. With these views, he proposed as an amendment to the Educational bill, that University degrees should be abolished. In our extracts we will begin with M. Bastiat's statement of what part of the educational law is, against which he directs his attack.

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So long as Men are Honest, so long will Success follow in the Footsteps of their Labors.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1854.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

OHIO RIVER, July 23, 1854.

DEAR BROTHERS: You will perceive, per day, that we are still journeying, and by the pennant, that I am writing on board the boat. I fancy that my hand on this occasion, resembles that of old Steph. Hopkins, of 4th-July memory.

My last was dated at Niagara; in the evening of the day on which that was written, we started for Buffalo, supped at the Mansion House in that city, and took boat, the splendid palace Queen of the West, for Cleveland. We remember this boat with pleasure, and would recommend our friends journeying toward Cincinnati and the West, to take the route via Cleveland and Columbus. The Queen of the West is a most noble and beautiful specimen of naval architecture. Lake Erie was as smooth as a mirror, and as reflective; the canopy of heaven was reproduced in its bosom. With the morning, however, came a change; we took the cars at Cleveland and were whirled along all day under an extremely hot sun, and over a dusty road. Noting that the company could do for the comfort of the passengers was neglected. Some of our Eastern Railroads would do well to profit by the Cleveland and Columbus, and the Columbus and Cincinnati roads. A train-service is employed whose duty it is to care for the passengers, furnish them with water, and attend exclusively to their wants. Notwithstanding all these cares, we were very glad to exchange the cars for the river boat on our arrival at Cincinnati. The weather was extreme, the thermometer standing at 95 in the shade.

Owing to the low state of water, the larger boats had been "laid up," the High Flyer, a boat of moderate size, being the only one to Louisville. On this boat we took passage, and at eight o'clock commenced our journey in the waters of the Ohio river. Acquaintances are easily formed on board river boats, and we were soon engaged in earnest conversation with new-found friends, from whom we acquired much interesting and useful information. With the shores of Kentucky on one side, and those of Ohio and Indiana on the other, with pleasant talk to fill up the intervals of gazing, the time passed happily. I hope these lines may reach the eyes of Mr. A. M. E., of Louisville, whose interesting conversation and frank courtesy of manners, I shall not soon forget.

I need not attempt to give you an idea of the pleasures of the voyage, for they were of that quiet nature which does not admit of description. The river was grand, the banks beautiful; that is all I can say upon the subject.

At Portland, west of the Falls of the Ohio, we embarked on board the Tribune for St. Louis. On that boat I am now engaged in writing to you, and her trembling renders my penmanship almost illegible, as you very well perceive.

The attentions we are now receiving at the hands of Captain Halpin and his officers, are in no respect behind those which is every stage of our journey thus far, have rendered our situation as comfortable as possible. The boat is not large, but is commodious and comfortable; and there is a freedom and ease about the passengers, which make one feel as though he were at home and among his friends.

Gradually gaining in sympathy with the great Northwest, I begin to feel that I could find a happy home in one of her fertile valleys, and to dread the necessity of returning to your vast heap of brick and stone, and of mingling again in the busy unnatural scenes of city life. Why should man longer out a miserable existence amid the vices and corruptions of a city like yours, when countless acres of fertile land are ready and waiting to afford them all the means for acquiring happy and independent homes? The richness of the Ohio valley remains latent for want of strong right arms, directed by intelligent minds, to unbosom all and bring to light its exhaustless wealth; just such arms and minds as your city could afford to lose, and be none the poorer for the sacrifice.

What hatched-faith theologians talk of this world as a vale of tears, let them come here, and learn to thank the God and Father of their beautiful dwelling place he has provided for his ungrateful children. The Tribune preaches the truth in a voice almost as loud as that of Niagara, and its formulae of logic, Heaven-born and divine, are quite conclusive. For myself, I ask no better sermon on this day than that which God himself is preaching to my eyes, and no better text from which to preach of His infinite, eternal love.

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FOND DU LAC, Wis., Aug. 9, 1854.

I owe you an apology, my Brothers, for not having finished this letter long since. The only excuse I have to offer is, that every moment of my time has been occupied either in travel or thought, or in both at one and the same time.

We are now enjoying the hospitalities of our excellent friend, Gov. Tallmadge, at his most charming residence. Nature and art have combined to render this place one of the most lovely I have ever seen; and I doubt if the State of Wisconsin can show equal. The beauties and comforts of the household are York friends who imagine themselves agreeably located, could visit this region and this house. They would soon discover their mistake, and become disgusted with their enormous piles of brick, mortar, and tiles.

Our journey from the Ohio, where the first portion of this letter was written, has been one of uninterrupted pleasure. We have seen the Mississippi from the mouth of the Ohio to Rock Island in Illinois; we crossed the rich plains of that State from the latter place to Chicago; we rode upon the waters of Lake Michigan from Chicago to Sheboygan, and crossed the country by stage from Sheboygan to Fond du Lac. At every stage of this long journey we met with pleasant scenes and pleasant acquaintances. The rich fertility of this western world astonishes our unaccustomed eyes.

Our stay at St. Louis was prolonged a little more than a week. The cause of Spiritualism is progressing in that city very rapidly, and we believe spiritualism numbers more believers than any of the creeds of the various sects of the Church. The weather is intensely hot, but no public lectures were delivered. Our friends, Messrs. Miller, Stagg, Bland, and Freleigh, were kind and constant in their attentions, for which again they will please accept our thanks.

Spiritualism in Wisconsin is rapidly progressing; in fact, the same may be said of every place in which it has made its appearance. It is a temptation to the better natures of men, that induces acceptance; it is only necessary to make a presentation.

During the coming week I shall be able to write you at length. For the present, please accept this imperfect epistle, and remember me as your affectionate Brother, W.

"NIGHT SIDE OF NATURE" AND THE TRIBUNE.

Since the publication of Mrs. Crowe's book, (known by the above title,) nearly every well read person is more attentive to the *facts* of Spiritual phenomena, which are to be found in the traditions, histories, and biographies of the past, as well as in the historic and scientific present. It were useless to expect, however, every person to give the necessary examination to these facts, that their acceptance or rejection of the Spiritual conclusion, may be of some value to others as moral evidence, since the age is practical, and men are prone to think of physical comfort rather than Spiritual harmonies. Still we have the right to demand of all, who attempt to controvert the Spiritual inference, the *why* and wherefore of such conclusions. The right we generally use, when and where there is mind capable of reasoning on the subject, if the subject has been examined, and we find the necessary facts known, for without *facts* all reflection ends in *speculation*, and that, in this age, has but little authority. We can hardly say too much on the *necessity* of personal investigation as to the physical facts, where the mind is not developed and harmonized enough to accept the moral evidence of others or its own Spiritual intuitions. We say, each one should have its own *facts*, as each one constructs and finishes the philosophic estimate, good or bad, that enters into the argument of "profit and cost," for any and all changes that come in and go out with reforms.

There is another qualification of character NEVER to be lost sight of one; whose influence for good is more powerful and truthful than our much boasted intellects, because *conscience* is the mediator between the love of truth and justice, and the love of approbation on which too often the holy harmonies of life are crucified. Men live in darkness, while asking for light, because, though the Spirit may be willing, the flesh is weak, and public opinion with such is "the law and the prophets."

The honest man, be he friendly or otherwise, will be understood, for candor and truthfulness have a language all their own, which will not be misunderstood in this age by the true man! In spite of these reflections, which the good sense of every second person in the Northern States, we nevertheless meet with persons, sometimes in editorial dress,

sometimes *a la mode* civilian, who talk nonsense, or cant as easy and dispense of it as freely, and insist on it as dogmatically, as if it were the veritable inspiration promised with the "holy ghost." A class! who, in common with the Pharisees of old, expect to be heard for the long prayers they may make to the popular idols of the times. A class! who knowing they "cannot serve God and Mammon," in a measure forget their obligations to the former, that they may serve the latter with a better grace. "Verily, they have their reward," yes! and they shall have it!!

Personally, however, we have no feeling on the subject, for with us, all such developments are looked at as the manhood or dwarfhood of character, since it is intellectually as well as Spiritually true, that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." We bring the subject before the reader, however, that he may take "note" and remember that *honesty* is as much needed now as in the days that "tried men's souls," because the road to the kingdom of heaven is just the same now as in old times, for justice and truth are ever at battle with meanness and hypocrisy.

Were there anything likely to make us forget the proprieties of self respect, it is when some member of the editorial family treats us to a dish of intellectual "slops" on the "infidelity," "folly," "nonsense," and "fanaticism" of Spiritualism—"stuff" as acceptable to that truthful mind that is free from *evil*—as dishwater to an educated palate; the more, when adding insult to injury, they make a *final mark* round the precious "morsel," for fear we should not know the full extent of their dignity and orthodoxy. Of course, this is all *confidential* among the editorial brotherhood, and like all *secrets* is to go *no farther*!

We have to do from time to time with another class, however, in whom we find much to like, because, from the nature of their position, they can not help speaking something for humanity occasionally. Nay more, they are and have been doing, in some departments of reform, useful and good work, but on some others, they are like the blank sheets between the Old and New Testament, which Theodore Parker says belong to neither dispensation. Of this class, among the "Intellectuals," we place Putnam's Magazine and the Daily Tribune.

Of Putnam's Magazine, we will only say at this time, that if the "article" in the July No. on "Spirit manifestations," is to be taken as a sample of their Spiritual insight into the phenomena of the "Night Side of Nature," that their statement is more "chronic" than "inflammatory," and cure more doubtful than we at first imagined. There is much consolation, however, in believing that "as time works wonders," they may wake to healthier life and a more positive manhood!!

Of the Tribune, it is needless we say more, as it has been the active agent in calling into being much of the excitement now so much complained of, and because it knows better when it makes such *idle* issues with the subject, as we find in the Daily Tribune of Friday, August 11th.

It would seem, now that "Congress has adjourned," that Spiritualism is to receive a patronizing nod from the Tribune after the silence of over two months. This has been done in a rehash of some three columns of facts, gossip and comment, all of which receives coloring from an editorial as superficial and negative as twaddle-dom could wish. From any other source, it would be looked at as the natural language of ignorance, but, as it is, the article expresses bad faith, *unbelief*, and mental obliquity. If any one has doubt of this, let me direct them to the several headings round in the article. If the Tribune wishes to use a little ridicule and grow merry at the expense of the Spirits, we can assure the writer he has mistaken his theme, for the subject is too serious for ridicule, and altogether too strong to be laughed out of being.

But, no, the fact is, (and it may be well to keep it in mind,) the Tribune has such a variety of tastes to please and such a variety of Government *sons* to put some life in, that in self-defence it has to ignore this subject, the better to live in the present sunshine of its popular favor. Aristotle found it necessary to leave Athens after the sacrifice of Socrates, fearing that his presence might cause his countrymen to commit another sin against philosophy; and we think the fact of Judge Edmonds' non-election, because of his Spiritualism, has been very significant to those who live by popular suffrage. Spiritualists know all this, and they hope to be able some day to make it appear as an actual *fact* in society, that "the righteous are recompensed in the earth, much more the wicked and the sinner." When that time comes, discriminative justice will be done to all, who, like the Tribune, shrink from the responsibility of telling "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

That there is a lack of *intellectual* harmony among the believers in the Spiritual phenomena is most natural, considering that nearly all are graduates from the "divinity schools" of some *new* popular among us. All we ask is time; and then, if "idom" is not "approved of by her children," we may possibly think of returning to church formalities and soul-crushing creeds. For the present, we know "he is that is wise for himself" at least; "for it is given unto" him "to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven," and "blessed are his eyes, for they see, and his ears, for they hear. For verily I say unto you, that many *hypothetical* and righteous men have desired to see those things which you see and have not seen them and to hear those things which you hear, and have not heard them." Matthew xiii, 11, 16, 17. And the philosophy of this experience makes all see with Paul, "When I was a child, I spake as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. And now abideth faith, hope, charity—these three; but the greatest of these is CHARITY." 1 Cor., xiii, 11, 13.

TO REV. MR. FENNEL, GLENS FALLS.

DEAR SIR: It cannot have escaped your notice as a student, that men in reasoning, make sad mistakes as to what is argument and what is assumption; since most of the issues of the times have both advocates and opponents, believers and disbelievers, each insisting on the *truthfulness* of the particular conclusion at which he may have arrived. And in reading over the latter part of your sermon, I see you in, common with the many, have made the same mistake: for, after exhuming the hypothesis of a "personal devil," you make the *assumption* a premise of *fact*, from which to elaborate desired conclusions. Some men, having a true *premise*, have not *wisdom* enough to arrive at a just conclusion, and vice versa. Your misfortune is more marked, for you have neither *premise* nor *conclusion*—so that without wishing to be offensive, I must say, your argument harmonizes neither with Scripture, reason, nor fact, but "lives and moves, and has a being" only in the world of creation and prejudice.

If you read the remarks I addressed to you last week, you will perceive it is necessary for you to give a more positive and *philosophic* detail of the *invention* of the rapping, tipping and elbow-jerk ghosts. In the medical line, too, these mysterious agencies are doing a strong business. Aside from the prescribing mediums and somnambulists,—transparencies every evening in Broadway attract the crowd of passers to see the Spiritual demonstrations at one or two shillings admission,—there are various remedies of ghostly origin which proffer health to the suffering at the most reasonable rates. Nerve-soothing vital fluids, psycho-magnetic nostrums for bowel complaints, harmonial and psychometric modes of treatment, are all accessible to the world of sufferers, and we presume that none

of them is half as injurious to the human system as the prescriptions of any regular physician of the good old calomel-giving and blood-letting school. But these are rather the exterior manifestations of this particular form of what Mrs. Crowe calls the "Night Side of Nature." The inner wonders are all of another character; some of them are novel, and all of them curious, especially to those who study the out-of-the-way phenomena of the mind."

Following this introduction may be found ten or dozen short articles taken mostly from Spiritual papers, which to say the least, must convince any candid thinker that we live in an age that has in its elements never known before, to be so powerful for good or bad,—elements, that have within the short space of five years worked such changes, that the effects are as much a subject of *wonder* as the causes that produced them.

Of the history and progress of the phenomena few know more than Mr. Greeley, and yet, after the experience of the past five years—in spite of the developments and revelations which the daily issue of the press gives to the world—he comes to the following "lame and impotent conclusion," which to us is "stale, flat and unprofitable":—

"With these extracts we will now close the chapter. There is no doubt of the sincerity of those who make a great account of things, like those above set forth; but it is not surprising that outsiders should doubt their sense. However, we presume it is what they expect, and their faith is not at all disturbed by other people's opinion of it. It is right to add, that they are favored not merely with such ghostly legerdemain as that above described, but with communications on moral, philosophic and theologic subjects. The theology is too contradictory to be worth much—no two ghosts

strongly on the side that they are produced by *demons*."

In concluding this letter, I wish to urge on you the necessity of understanding this subject more thoroughly, for not only the times demand you should, but the economy of God's laws require

you to attempt to prove, by saying, 1st, the Bible re-

presents the dead as departed from the world,

and having gone to their long home." When a few years are come, says Job, I shall go the way,

whence I shall not return. I shall go, said David,

of his departed child. I shall go to him, but he

shall not return to me. And 2d, while the Bible re-

presents the dead as departed, it represents the

devil either personally or by his angels occupying

his time here, seeking by his power and crafts

to entice men from the right way of the Lord and ruin their souls. Like a roaring lion he walketh

about seeking whom he may devour. Now, I sub-

mit if we are to believe at all, that these pheno-

mena are produced by unembodied Spirits, that the

probability to a believer in the Bible must be

strongly on the side that they are produced by *demons*."

What is the need or use therefore of a "personal devil," since his "occupation's gone" and will in

a short time have no place of rest or refuge?

The theological drama has had so many persons on

the stage, that as a natural consequence some one

must give way to make room for the others, so the

tragedy of the "devil and his angels" is fast pass-

ing away, since *devil* has lost its power either to

charm or terrify. In fact as the character of the "devil" is better known, men see it was a great

mistake in making him a tragic character at all

since his genius is for *farce*, and his whole history

is a subject for *comedy* rather than fear or terror.

To drop the figure, the wisdom of God, as seen

in the history of the world, gives us all the *proof*

of the *trust* and *confidence* that you should need to

make it see that the Spirits of the departed have ever

been in communion with men, teaching them to un-

derstand that "the devil" of life *was* and is but an

undeviled good, whose inharmonic nature might

"play some fantastic tricks before high heaven

and make the Angels weep," but could not in the

very nature of things extend beyond the *third act*

in the Spiritual drama of PROGRESSIVE!!

Now, it may be highly gratifying to your au-

dience, to have you spend time in talking *against* a

subject, which you are evidently at a loss to know

how to dispose of,—but, to the minds of your so-

ciety that seek for light and knowledge, you must

stand in a very bad relation, because you are talk-

ing

And Poesy, too, shall send Her aid,
Presuming at the sing—
Sattering o'er your shadowed earth
Sweet incense from Her wings.

The following verse was written over two years ago, and published in the "Lowell Courier" shortly after the sad event was known. We publish it in connection with an extract from Shakespeare's Hamlet, that the reader may see the difference between "true" and the days of the "royal Dame" and now. It may be true as Lord Bacon says, that "Custom is the drill-sergeant of society"; but it should be known, also, that "drill" under the command of "progress," and "drill" under "supposition" are very different things. The motive that produced death in both cases is alike, and sprang from *Lore*.—

Lore. What ceremony else?
Her obsequies have been so far enlarged!
And I have sat in state upon the bier,
That she may have an honored funeral, the order,
She should in ground unmettled have laid
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shall be said, and pellets should be thrown on her,
Yet here she lies, bewept her strain strains,
Her maiden strewments, at the breathing home
Of hell and burial.

Lore. Must there no more be done?
No more be done!

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sue a requiem, and such rest to her,
As to a person long past.

Lore. Lay her in earth—
And from her fair and unpolished flesh
May violet spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
Whom I have best howled.

Whom, the fair Ophelia!

TELL THEM I AM NO MORE.

JOHN H. WARLAND.

[A week or two since, Miss—, a young and beautiful girl in this city, from Vermont, immediately upon parting from her companion after a week's happy stay, during which she appeared happy, and then, three days later, was found dead, and was drowned. Before going out to walk, she left a note at her boarding-house, which with the exception of a few directions in regard to the transmission of her money, and apparel to her relatives, was a full and explicit reference to her mortal purpose.—*TELL THEM I AM NO MORE.*]

Tell them I am no more!

Tell them in this hour of mine was breaking,
That in my dreary hours and in my waking,

These clouds were over my spirit sweeping,
And sorrow, with its chilling dew, was steeping

My bruised heart to bend o'er.

Tell them I am no more!

My dying words speak softly in their ear,
Bid them not weep that once they loved so dear,

That to the golden realms its bright way winging,
My spirit shall find rest where seraphs sing;

Their sweet-sung harps bend o'er.

Tell them I am no more!

That to that land my raised spirit soaring,
Seks the bright Sisterhood, with bony adoring

The infinite and Pure, with many a bony

And take me not depreaching,

My mother did tell me of a land,
By which I longed to be, and dreamed;

Tell them I am no more!

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Beligions—from the soul deriving breath—
Should know no death;
Yet do they perish, ministering their remains
With fallen fames;
Creeds, canons, dogmas, canons are the wrecked
And moulderings—Masonry of Intellect.

Alps, Osiris, paragon of yore
On the earth, through the wide North adored,
With blood outpoured—
Love, and the multiform divinities,
To whom the Pagan nations bowed their knees—
Lo! they are cast aside, derelict, forlorn,
Deserted, outworn;
Like the world's foolish dolls, which but insult
Thee adult;

Or prostrate scarecrows, on whose rags we tread
With scorn proportioned to our former dread.

Alas! for human reason! all is change,
Conscious and strange;

All ages need new creeds, leaving heirs

The future will but imitate the past,

And instability alone will last.

Is there no compass, then, by which to steer
This erring sphere?

No tie that can indissolubly bind

To God, man, and Time's sharpest tooth?

No code, fixed, immutable, unerring truth?

There is! there is! One primitive and sure

Religion, pure; and its forms and code—

Wear mystic modes,

Contains all creeds within its mighty span;

The love of God displayed in love of Man.

Then is! Christian's faith when rightly read;

Till earth, redoubtless from every hateful heaven,

Makes peace with heaven;

Below, the blessed brotherhood of love,

One Father—worshipped with one voice—above!

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

BY LONGFELLOW.

When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night,
Wake the better son that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Here the evening lamps are lighted,

And, like phantom's grim and tall,
Shadows from the fatal flight,

Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed

Enter at the open door,

The spirits of the departed,

Come to visit me once more.

He, the young and strong, who cherished

Nothing longing for the strife;

By the road-side fell and perished,

Wearied with the march of life;

They, the holy ones and weakly,

Who the cross of suffering bore,

Folded their pale hands so meekly,

Spoke with us on earth no more.

And with them the being-beauties,

Whom thy young heart then,

More than all others, loves me,

And is now a saint in heaven;

With a slow and noiseless footstep,

Comes the messenger divine,

Takes the vacant chair beside me,

Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me,

With those deep and tender eyes,

Like the stars, so still and saint-like,

Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,

Is the spirit of the ever,

Soft robes in blessings laid,

Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh! though oft depressed and lonely,

All my fears are laid aside,

If I but remember only

Such as these have lived and died.

[From the Northern Advocate.]

SPIRIT COMFORTERS.

When the world seems dark and dreary,
And the tear-drops dim the eye;
When the heart is like a weary,
Foolish man, who says, "I am dead."

Loving ones oft seem to cheer us;

Those, who've passed from earth away,

Come, and while they linger near us,

Or the heart have gentle sway.

Peaceful words of joy and comfort,

Spoken to us by dear son,

Son of a dear and gentle mother,

Who like an infant rolls;

Words they breath of realms supernal,

From here to "eternal felicity" play,

Where the sun is like a lamp,

Books in lights of endless day.

And they fade, could not suffice us,

To those heavenly regions fall;

They would bid us calmly hear;

For we are but a transient sun,

Holy love and faith to give,

That this mortal life was lent us,

For to teach us how to live.

High and holy is their mission,

Cheering weary ones of earth,

Leading them to glad fruition,

And to life's immortal birth;

Let us heed the teachings given,

By the Spirit-voiced true,

And be guided to that Heaven,

Where are joys forever new.

MAGNETIC MAGIC:

on

Historical and Practical Treatise on Fascinations, Cabalistic Mirrors, Suspensions, Compacts, Talismans, Convulsions, Possessions, Sorcery, Witchcraft, Incantations, Sympathetic Correspondences, Necromancy, etc., etc.

Translated from the French of L. A. Cahagnet, Author of the "Celestial Telegraph."

FOURTH DIALOGUE

SUSPENSIONS.

29. At page 292, of the 2d volume of "Critical History of Superstitious Practices," Lebrun speaks in the following terms: "For one hundred and ten years that the torture by water has been abolished in France, it has nevertheless been used in Burgundy; sometimes it has been applied without legal proceedings, sometimes it has been inflicted by the courts themselves. I shall confine my narrative to recent facts, and only to those I have been able to ascertain as it is possible, for any facts which one has not been an eye-witness. About three years ago, an artisan of St. Florentine, in Burgundy, was suspected of being a sorcerer, and menaced in consequence to be thrown into the water by the infuriated populace. Perfectly convinced that he was not a sorcerer, and should go to the bottom, the poor man thought to silence the public rage, by saying he would shortly submit to the experiment. But far from it, the multitude's eagerness increased with what they considered as a boast of his. Day and place were appointed for the experiment. There was an immense concourse from all the neighboring villages, and the wretched man was thrown into the water, with hands and feet tied. But he did not sink; he stood floating over the surface, in spite of several children jumping on his body, in order to make him sink down. The consequence of this fact was, that this poor mechanic is now starving, no one being willing to employ this pretended sorcerer, although he is one of the most devout parishioners of the place, according to the confession of the curate himself."

30. But the trial made at Montigny, near Auxerre, was still more remarkable. Several persons of this village being accused of witchcraft, said to the curate that they were ready to submit to the water experiment, in order to vindicate the infamous calumnies circulating upon their account. Delighting generally in such kind of spectacle, the multitude highly approved the decision, and the trial took place on the following Wednesday, 5th of June, in the river of Seine, near Montigny. On the appointed day the bells rang, and the people rushed there in swarms. Great many persons of the neighborhood were already there. Those who had to submit to the trial were then stripped of their clothes, tied at the hands, knees and feet, and fastened to a rope in order to draw them out of the water in case they were to sink. They were then

thrown into the river. Some one went down, but almost all remained on the surface like pieces of cork-tree, and every effort to make them sink were useless. Mortified to be thus floating on the surface, some of them accused the ropes by which they were fastened to be bewitched; the ropes were changed several times, but the result was the same. The presence of the monks of Pontigny, and several other persons of distinction, rendered this trial perfectly authentic; yet they wished to give it the solemnity of a legal act, in due form. A public notary was entrusted with the drawing up of the record, and signed even by the persons who had submitted to the experiment. What I have related here, is an abstract of the copy of the authentic record, sent me in regular form by the notary himself.

30. —To permit such public trials, the civilization of these times must have been as dissolute as ridiculous, by its creeds and ignorance.

31. —Albert.—Civilization is but an empty word, and the pretension to this kind of progress, nothing but the negation of every sound observation. The people of those times were the same as those of our own days. Will you know the opinion of our savor about these facts? Listen to M. Julia de Fontenelle:

"New and Complete Manual of the Sorcerers," &c., 1841, page 108: "Were we to suppose for an instant," says the author, "that magic was the cause of these wonders, how could they be sure it was not the effect of natural laws? In order to prevent those who were submitted to this kind of trial to swim, and thus remain at the surface, they were tied strongly with ropes; but that precaution itself must have been the cause of their not sinking. For every one is enough to suffice to remain floating on the water; and it was certainly the result produced by the entangled position in which these people were thrown into the river."

To enforce his opinion, M. Julia de Fontenelle should have experienced himself this sort of ligature, as well as the swimming upon the water. But even if he had succeeded, he could not have considered it as a physical law, except by proving that everybody was able to do the same thing. Read the books of this modern savor, and you will see how far human progress has been carried. He says at page 1, "that witchcraft is nothing but the dream of a diseased imagination, and its influence over weak minds." In order to appreciate the soundness of M. de Fontenelle's argument, I will relate to you some parts of the lawsuit that was instituted against Rev. Father Girard. My extracts are taken from a book published in 1772, under the following title: "Causes célèbres et intéressantes avec les jugements qui les ont débattues." 2 vols.

Father Girard was accused of having made use of witchcraft to produce these criminal effects.

And in fact, La Cadiere said that one day he breathed upon her forehead, and that she felt from that moment the most passionate love for this man. She was so entirely under the control of his magnetic power, that he corresponded with her at a very great distance, and caused her to receive the communion at the same moment he did himself. There were many eye-witnesses who swore they had seen this singular phenomenon. While La Cadiere was in bed one night, the holy wafer came and placed itself on her tongue. Her brother, who was himself a priest, declared that one night he heard his sister's bed cracking under the efforts of an invisible hand which tried to pierce her feet, and impress the stigma she bore. Other witnesses declared that Girard shaved the hair off this miserable girl one day, and that the stigma of the thorn-crown at once appeared in bloody color.

This interminable trial records a thousand other similar facts, which it would be wearisome to recount in their detail. But what I told you, proves sufficiently, I think, that Father Girard was profoundly learned in all the secrets of magnetism, and made use of them to gratify his shameful passions. They are now acquainted with the wonderful secrets that were familiar to Father Girard. When committed for trial, this Jesuit was certainly not at the beginning of his manoeuvres; and, perhaps, no one ever equalled him in these odious practices. One of his pretended visitors, La Cadiere, was one of the prettiest girls in the country, and Father Girard was the most lustful and ugliest of its men. He was charged with having suggested to her visions that were to favor his criminal passions. We read in the same records, that before La Cadiere, he acted by similar visions upon a certain La Batorelle, who appeared both as a victim of, and a witness against, this man. It is asserted that in this last vision, he assumed the shape of Christ, in order to fulfil with certainty and sanctity, the odious arts he was scheming. We read the following declaration of this witness at page 12: "I have seen Christ, dazzling with whiteness and splendor, and it was not a delusion; I was perfectly awake and conscious of my state." "My daughter," said he, "you must be one and the same thing with me," and then he sunk himself into her body.

32. —Jonn.—I shudder at what you have told me to day. Why! Are such crimes possible? Have such abuses been committed? Has so sublime a science been turned into so infamous a practice? Are you certain of what you said?

33. —Albert.—This trial stirred up not only France, but the whole of Europe. It excited emotions which were not far from revolutions. It was a religious question, since a priest was accused, and that was enough to move the whole world. If the judges had been acquainted with the science which we are at present occupied, they would have appreciated the facts with more justice, and their doubts would soon have been changed into certainty. But in those times, as in ours, every one thought himself very wise; and yet all their learning consisted in denying what could not be understood. It is thus that Father Girard was alternately condemned and discharged—caricatured and brought to triumph. So it was with La Cadiere, too. For some time the world was maddened with this trial. I am perfectly sure of the truth of all my assertions, and I feel able to prove that I do not labor under any delusion. Should nothing happen to interrupt our conversations, I promise you that I will relate many anecdotes that will still more deeply excite your horror and astonishment.

34. —Jonn.—Do you dread anything?

35. —Albert.—No; not from loyal adversaries, but from those who like to remain in darkness. But let us continue; I am not yet at the end.

36. —The "History of John Betet," Avignon, 1782, contains a great number of quotations which prove that this young man was often transported and suspended in the air. All these facts were witnessed and certified by numerous and reliable persons who swear to their truth.

37. —In the "History of St. Francesca," I read that she culled grapes in the middle of winter, and ate them with her companions.

38. —A crab-fish fell through the ceiling, and Vanatia, having eaten it, recovered from a dangerous illness under which he was laboring.

39. —A respectable monk of St. Fraires order, appeared to St. Francesca, and threw his club in the branches of a pear-tree, which for a long time had not borne fruit. Yet, at once such a number fell down, that all her comrades ate of them to satisfy. These pears were so big that they could not be held in both hands. In this monk the pious women recognized the Saviour himself.

40. —Another time St. Francesca had bread only for three persons, and yet she divided it among fifteen of her guests, who ate of it as much as they

pleased. A certain quantity even remained, and was preserved for the following day.

41. —As she was sitting on a vine-tree and reading to her companions, a strange rain began to fall, but not a single drop touched the Saint.

42. —On another day forty bushels of wheat were piled up in a granary, were there was none a moment before.

43. —An empty barrel was likewise filled with wine in the presence of a great many respectable witnesses.

44. —How many similar facts are related in the "Life of St. Philomene." They were all produced by the action of her relics. It is thus that we see

Father Girard carry away a towel on which the

coffin containing her remains, and carried by

four men, become at once so excessively heavy

that eight strong porters were unable to lift it up;

yet a minute before it scarcely weighed a few

pounds. In the same ceremony were a flag

twice as wide as the street itself, without any of

the parts touching the side houses. On another

occasion copies of a certain work were wanted,

and the edition was exhausted, St. Philomene caused</